

## The Washington Times

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FRANK A. MUNSEY.

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SUNDAY, MARCH 29, 1903.

### Keeping Mr. Bryan on Base.

If the Democratic party should see fit to nominate Mr. Bryan or anyone else, the action would meet with my approval, and the nominee certainly would have my unqualified support, as I should expect his support if conditions were reversed.

That is a terse sentence from the pen of Mr. Johnson, of Minnesota. It puts Mr. Bryan to a test of party faith which is beyond the reach of dogma. The Commoner will find it poor politics to ignore it, and, maybe, worse politics to meet and answer it. From all of which it would seem Mr. Bryan would better hug pretty close to base.

### Up to Governor Johnson.

It may yet prove that Governor Johnson must be reckoned with in this Democratic contest.

The Supreme Court's decision invalidating the Minnesota rate law seems likely to be turned to magnificent advantage by the chief executive of the North Star State.

Report is that the governor, after thinking it over carefully, is strongly disposed to call an extra session of the Legislature and submit to it the question of passing a new maximum rate law, designed to meet the objections raised by the Supreme Court decision.

If the governor shall adopt this course, it is submitted, he will place himself instantly in a commanding position among the people who stand for the utmost exercise of the power of the States in the matter of corporation regulation.

There is only one way to get these intricate problems settled. That is to keep on trying. When one good and useful law is held null for some particular reason, go back and pass it once more, fixed up as carefully as possible with reference to the particular objection raised by the court. That is what Minnesota should do, and every other State whose laws are overturned on technical grounds.

The attorney general of Minnesota expresses the opinion that, as the law was nullified because of its excessive and confiscatory penalties, it should now be passed without any penalties at all. This would easily avoid the objection of excess; and as to enforcement, he points out that it can be done by mandamus. He would get the State court to issue a mandamus commanding the roads not to violate it. Then if they did violate it, they would be subjected to such penalties as the court—the State court, too—should consider fitting. It looks worth trying.

### A Ray of Light.

Forestation while you wait. That is the source of new wealth throughout the South and the abandoned farm district of New England. It is the one ray of light on the forest situation in the United States, and so it behooves us all to let it shine.

Beginning right here in our own neighborhood and reaching to Texas is a growth of what is known in the country store as "old-field pine." Officially it is "loblolly" pine, the which has provided the Bureau of Forestry with matter for various absorbing novelettes. This timber has sprung up in the old and now unused fields, the areas under cultivation before the civil war, and abandoned at its close because of the comparative disappearance of farm labor. Its seed is light and carried far on the winds, it grows quickly and easily, and it has been undisturbed. Accordingly, its growth has been phenomenal, the trees being often twelve to fourteen inches in diameter at an age of twenty or twenty-five years.

"Old-field pine" was scorned once. Now it finds a ready and profitable market. Longleaf pine, which was formerly favored to the exclusion of the loblolly, is today scarce as oak. Loblolly, as the ugly duckling, has taken on trade beauty when dipped in creosote, which makes it exceedingly durable. Wherefore this growth by virtue of neglect is being eaten up by the railroads for ties at a good price to the land owner—and has become a source of wealth to the South.

Up North the situation is much the same. White pine is there doing what the loblolly has done for the South. Its development is slower, but the wood is more valuable for lumber, boxboards, shingles, and like purposes, and the demand is strong. It is estimated that 800,000 acres of abandoned farm land in southern New Hampshire is growing up in this wood.

Here are concrete though costly illustrations of reforestation for commercial purposes. They are illustrations also of the change that has come over the lumber market, making the present consumers grateful for woods that a generation since were worse than discarded. In the two things thus elucidated there ought to be a warning even for thoughtless America. What will be our situation when all the old-field and white pine of this growth have been cut? Will we put our portable mills to work on four-inch saplings and build with osage and boxwood? We will, if we keep up the bars against the forest products of other countries and go on wasting, ruthlessly cutting, and exporting from our own.

### To Visit China, Too.

China's invitation to the fleet has also been accepted. Saying yes was the right thing to do. No country has done more to stimulate China's interest in the world outside than the United States. China's experience with other nations had been more or less unfortunate. Insult and coercion had been her lot until the United States offered a helping hand—something she had not seen before in all her history.

To be sure, the loot an American diplomat's family took from Pekin after the Boxer troubles was sold at auction in New York the other day, and fetched a handsome sum. But his was an exceptional case, the result of personal and not of traditional spoliation.

Particularly in the decade since the United States became a prominent factor in Oriental life has the American spirit of fair play done much to encourage China to make the most of her long neglected opportunities. So our fleet, we think, will be as warmly greeted in the Yellow sea as in the Japan sea.

The Finnish senate has been subjected to a severe censure, which seems to justify the opinion that it has done something that it ought to have done, but which is entirely unpronounceable in this latitude.

Florida man is dead at age of 104; and that's the town where they make most of the whisky, too. But maybe he didn't try to drink it all.

Mr. Hefflin's vigorous defense of his intentions somewhat fails to justify his bad target practice.

These foreign motor cars which have not got more than half way across the continent must at least be rather—up a pretty accurate impression about the bigness of this country.

Governor Johnson is just getting positively brazen about it. He actually admits that if nominated he would accept.

The Hon. William Barrett Ridgely will of course not take it to heart if within the next few weeks he finds himself classed, in somebody's political speech, as a malfactor of great wealth.

The tremendous number of Yale clubs scattered around the country gives the nation a most unusual and colorful number of labor unions and colored Republican clubs give to the other side.

Notice: Please don't cuss the weather man. He doesn't make the weather, and most of the time lately he hasn't even been able to find language nasty enough to describe it accurately.

Suggestions that the Speaker might send the Aldrich bill to the Judiciary Committee will not be regarded as in any wise humorous—especially by folks who want the bill passed.

General satisfaction will be felt if the Idaho pardon board discovers that it is in favor of pardoning Orchard, but can't legally meet and make the recommendation till after Orchard is hanged.

"My Dear Charlemagne" will shortly get his.

Great enthusiasm prevails in Baltimore over the improved facilities for getting to Washington. Right appreciative town, Baltimore.

Our fleet will belt the globe—and anything else if necessary.

O well, if Mr. Tillman didn't denounce the President or ex-Governor La Follette harpoon the octopus occasionally, life might get too dull in the ennui Senate.

Artist Reuterdahl is ambidextrous with either pen or hammer.

The celebrated Richard Croker recently said: "I like Roosevelt; he clears out the rascals." Thus does immunity often lend enchantment to the view.

After that New York job it looks like it might be a rocky road to Denver for Mr. Bryan.

Nature faking is looking up—the fisherman will soon be abroad.

We have all been basely deceived by a lot of hollerin' jingoes—Japan is really fond of us.

Law little realizes the hopelessness of the undertaking when it attempts to have the last word with Emma Goldman—or any other woman.

For years this country has been bunched at both ends by Europe; her underables are dumped in horde on our shores, and her frayed nobility subtract through marriage immense fortunes from our national wealth.

### HER TITLE WAS CLEAR.

"Well," snapped Mrs. Naggett, "I guess I have a perfect right to my opinion."

"Of course you have," retorted her husband, "and if you only kept them to yourself, nobody would question that right."—Exchange.

## Cost of Keeping a Hen Problem at Last Solved



REPRESENTATIVE OLMSTED,  
In the Center, of Course, Surrounded by Hens.

### Representative Olmsted Now May Answer Fair Constituent.

### The Times Solves the Question After Deep Research.

What does it cost to keep a hen for one year?

This question, asked in all seriousness of Representative Olmsted by a fair citizen of the far Southland, has aroused the interest of many prominent chicken fanciers, raisers, fighters and eaters. It is the topic of the hour, the most pertinent thing this side of the national convention.

Through the exercise of unusual energy, The Times is able to answer the query. No pains have been spared to ferret the information on this all-important subject the most reliable to be had.

The figures in the accompanying table were deduced from statistics on the chicken business throughout the United States. Representative Olmsted's constituent is answered and the Agricultural Committee of the House is put to shame.

#### Many Obstacles Arise.

When, by this process of elimination, the question reduced itself to that of maintaining in health and serviceability one lone member of the feminine branch of chicken family for the period of one year, a number of other obstacles to the solution presented themselves. It was soon that the question of location had a good deal to do with it, for instance. What it would cost to keep a pet hen up in honest old New England, where everybody leaves doors open at night and goes around the street with thousand-dollar bills sticking out of hat ribbons, would be natural. Then in certain sections of the South, where dwell in numbers the discoverers of chicken's toothlessness, and where a hen could only be kept in safety through the installation of an elaborate system of burglar alarms, iron bars, and padlocks.

Then again comes the question of the question of the hen's personality and the quality of board and lodging provided for her. If she is desired as a household pet and intellectual companion, the owner will naturally feel like showering every attention upon her. But on the other hand, if the poor lonesome old hen is just wanted to lay around the yard or to lend a pastoral aspect to the homestead, the owner may force the unfortunate creature to dig up a living the best way it can, caked out by scanty handfuls of grain.

#### Mustn't Be Neglected.

Of course, a hen so neglected would in her loneliness soon become morose

#### FIRE LOSS THROUGH CRIME.

Fires started through crime or mischief have cost the people of the United States \$210,852,748 in twenty-one years, according to official fire insurance statistics. Mischievous children, playing with matches or starting bonfires, in the period covered by the computation, probably did over \$1,000,000 worth of damage—rather a tidy sum to pay for this form of amusement.

The fire bill for crime and mischief, however, is far less than the bill for carelessness in handling heating and lighting apparatus, matches, cigarettes, and fireworks. For its carelessness in playing with fire in the twenty-one years, people of the United States have paid a bill of \$268,240,658 or 12 per cent of the total loss if the itemized percentages for the years given hold for the entire period. To forest fires and prairie fires, with their disastrous results, a fire loss of only \$2,000,000 is attributable, or less than the bill for defective fires, which a little forethought would have saved, for which carelessness was responsible.—Exchange.

### February Circulation Figures

Net Daily Average:  
The Times.....44,820  
The Star .....38,969

### Daily Diet for Mother Hen To Insure Acme of Thrift

Breakfast—Two ounces of mixed grain, one-half wheat, the rest cracked corn, oats, buckwheat, or millet. Two fuzzy worms and one fat green one. Tea, coffee, or milk. Better make it water.

Luncheon—Backyard gravel, worms, flower beds, etc.

Dinner—Same as breakfast, except that worms may be yellow and red.

Total cost per hen.....\$1.50  
Net profit per hen.....\$1.00

and tact, and a most uninteresting companion, to say nothing of her distaste for filling the family larder with eggs. While, on the other hand, a hen properly coddled and petted and caressed and provided with substantial and nourishing food will prove a devoted friend and more than pay for her board and lodging by laying a fresh one every other day.

This brings us to the direct question of cost. The table printed herewith explains itself. At the prevailing prices the owner could purchase the grain needed to provide this daily bill of fare for \$1.50 per year. A good hen will lay at least 125 eggs a year. If the owner cares to sell these at 2 cents each the income will be \$2.50, or \$1 clear profit on the year.

This answers the question, but the total cost will, of course, depend upon the initial outlay in hen, hen's boudoir and protective apparatus. There is no determining this cost. It is up to the owner to decide how much shall be spent furnishing the residence of his or her pet hen. The more comfortable the quarters, the more responsive the hen to the call of the egg market, say the fanciers.

#### Treat Her Tenderly.

If the creature is allowed to roam at will and become the prey of fears for her bodily safety, and the demoralization of tree limbs, the egg-laying proclivities are apt to be lessened and replaced by an extreme muscular development. Such is the case with many of the hens of the South. Their fear of the dark-skinned ogre is such that they spend most of their time fluttering from the ground to the trees and squawking their hearts out of joint. Such an existence is fatal, as far as the matter of egg production is concerned.

Treat your poor, little hen as you would your own child, and she will be gratefulness itself, but treat her with scant attention and she may lay for you in the dark.

#### FROM THE STAGE TO OFFICE.

Graduation from the theatrical stage into public office is sufficiently rare to merit special notice. John C. Crockett, clerk of the supreme court of Iowa, who has just been chosen reading clerk of the United States Senate by the committee, consisting of Senators Burrows, Tillman, Bacon, and Lodge, was, for a number of years, an actor. He was warmly supported by Senators Allison and Dulliver of the Hawkeye State, although he had to compete with nearly fifty other applicants. Mr. Crockett was reading clerk of the Iowa senate for two years, and clerk of the Iowa supreme court for three or four years had been clerk of the supreme court of Iowa. He is a prominent Mason, being at the head of the Masonic order in Iowa.—Exchange.

#### DRUG STORE FOR HORSES.

"I came across a queer little drug store the other day," said the city salesman. "It makes a specialty of veterinarian prescriptions. According to the proprietor's own account they don't sell very much in that store except horse medicine. They sell more of that than any other drug store in town. The neighborhood abounds in stables and animals' hospitals, and most of the drugs used in doctoring sick horses are bought at that store. Of course, the place is fitted up with the usual drug store paraphernalia. There is a soda water fountain, a cigar stand, postage stamps can be purchased there, and draughts and doses for human beings will be compounded upon request, but those familiar and supposedly primary functions of a drug store are in this case a superfluity, because about all that drugstore sells is to put up cures for equine ailments."—Exchange.

## MARRIES BROKER AFTER ELOPEMENT; COUPLE RETURNS

Alexander P. Brookes and Miss Watkins Ran Away 2 Months Ago.

After traveling hither and thither, eluding their friends and relatives for two months, and, it is reported, varying the monotony of their wanderings by quarrels, Alexander Powell Brookes, a Washington broker, and his pretty stenographer, Miss Della Elizabeth Watkins, were married in Baltimore yesterday at St. Calvary Protestant Episcopal Church.

When Brookes and Miss Watkins disappeared from Washington, January 20 last it was expected that they had gone to be quietly married. They were reported from various cities, and finally the assistance of the police of Washington and Alexandria was enlisted.

They were located at Orange Court House, in Virginia, later in Ohio, and finally in New York. From that city they went to Philadelphia, where they remained until two weeks ago.

#### Asks for Fare Home.

Mrs. Watkins, who lives in Alexandria, last week received a letter from her daughter, asking for sufficient funds to pay her fare home. The mother had been on the verge of nervous prostration ever since her daughter disappeared, and she sent the money by return mail. The girl returned to her parents, and it was currently reported that the quarrel between the lovers was so serious that they would never again see each other.

Attorney Gardner L. Boothe, of this city, received a telephone message yesterday afternoon from Brookes, who stated that he was anxious to marry Miss Watkins, and asking the attorney to assist him make the necessary arrangements. Mr. Boothe went to Alexandria and had a conference with the bride-to-be, and early in the afternoon the two left for Baltimore, where they met Brookes and his brother, William Powie Brookes. The latter acted as best man, and Mr. Boothe gave the bride away.

#### Woman Returns to Home.

When the ceremony had been performed the couple came to Washington. A short time after reaching here, however, Mrs. Brookes left her husband, and returned to her home in Alexandria, and Brookes remained in the city with his brother for some time.

Mr. Brookes could not be located last night. The telephone at his office had been temporarily disconnected, and neither he nor his brother could be reached in Alexandria.

## BRYAN IS CHEERED BY WEST VIRGINIANS

WHEELING, W. Va., March 28.—William Jennings Bryan was given a cordial greeting by 15,000 persons here during the week that he would sail for Europe. Instead of sailing, Mr. Vanderbilt remained in seclusion at the Knickerbocker Club until late in the afternoon, when he took a short drive in his automobile. He returned to the club and denied himself to callers during the evening.

Public interest, aroused by the reported separation of Mr. Vanderbilt and his wife, led to the presence of crowds at the departure of the steamships St. Louis, of the American line, and the Euribia, of the Cunard line, this morning, the spectators hoping to witness the departure of Mr. Vanderbilt. At the last moment, however, Mr. Vanderbilt decided to defer his trip for a few days.

His apartments at the Plaza were closed this morning, the larger part of his baggage being sent aboard the Euribia, but several large boxes were sent to Newport. During the few days he will remain in the city, Mr. Vanderbilt will make his headquarters at the Knickerbocker. He refused to comment upon the interview given by his wife last night. He had absolutely nothing more to make known to anyone regarding his private and domestic affairs. While he was out driving in his automobile during the afternoon he passed at Sixth avenue a hansom, in which Mrs. Ruiz, or Mme. Flores, was riding.

The young woman gave Mr. Vanderbilt a salute that was almost military in character. Mr. Vanderbilt bowed, but his machine continued up the avenue. Friends of Mr. Vanderbilt said that he is not a good sailor, and, upon learning of the stormy trips of steamers at present, he had decided to delay his departure until Wednesday of next week.

POISONED BY WHISKERS. In the recollections of a well-known big game hunter in India, it is stated that after skinning a tiger it is always necessary to guard his whiskers, as the natives have an unpleasant habit of cutting them up very small and mixing them with the curry of those they dislike. The finely divided bristles set up an irritant poison, the results of which often prove serious.—London Globe.

NO SENSE OF PROPORTION. "Young Mrs. Flyaway can't set an artistic table. She does go to such extremes." "How?" "Why, at the last lunch she gave, she had the angel cake side by side with the deviled ham."—Exchange.

WISE AND OTHERWISE. "What do you think young Chumpley weighs?" "About 200 pounds on the scales and about ten ounces in the community."—Cleveland Leader.

Danish. "How about that young fellow downstairs?" "He's got as far as the hat-rack, pa. Well, that's going some."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

It is merely folly to kick against the spur.—Trench.

"I wish," said the revivalist, "Brother Grimeshew wasn't quite so strong on doctrinal points. As fast as I bring people into the church he tries to put them out of it for heresy."—Chicago Tribune.

Who troubles others has no rest himself.—Italian. "Old man Pilkinton candidly admits that his wife made him what he is, 'Tee, but I have noticed that he is always careful to assure himself before admitting it that she isn't present to put in a denial."—Judge.

To err is human, to forgive divine.—Pope.

Who peeps through a hole will discover his dole.—Spanish.

Tankes—I'll have you to know, stranger, that I belong to Chicago. Sandy—Deed, an' whad hae thocht it? Frae the way ye've been speaking I thought Chicago belonged to you.—Home Magazine.

Nobility does not lie in the hall full of family portraits dimmed by the hand of time.—Seneca.

## P. B. Darr Wins Prize For the Best Answer In Benning Contest

While there were many clever answers submitted in the Benning contest, P. B. Darr's seems to be the most direct to the point. Hence, Mr. Darr is entitled to the \$5 offered by The Times.

The contest for the forthcoming week will be announced in tomorrow's Times. It will excel all others in point of interest, so be prepared for it.

Some of the late answers in the Benning contest follows:

Answers received up to 6 o'clock this evening will be considered in the award of the prize.

Following are some of today's replies:

Because Of laws With flaws. Mrs. F. S. Hodgson, 354 Mt. Pleasant street.

"Why don't they stop the betting at Benning, at the race?"

If you asked me such a question, I'd answer back in haste: Why don't the brooks stop pouring into the rivers wide?

Why don't they stop the ocean from changing with the tide?

Why don't men stop drinking when they know its time to stop?

Why don't you find assistance at the time you need a cop?

Why don't they turn the sky to green and paint the meadows red?

Why don't they stop these murderers and bring to life the dead?

Why don't they make it snow and hail and freeze in summer time?

Why don't you change a cent into a nickel or a dime?

If you ask me all these questions—if you ask me only one, I'd answer back "They can't, or they might have all been done."

If you asked me such a question, I'd answer back in haste: "The Lord couldn't stop the betting as long as there's the race."

Sylvian Grosner, 309 Massachusetts avenue northwest.

"Because by the races all are allured—Indulged in by some, and by all endured."

While the pulp objects, some preach-ers attend: The school mistress bets, and in church makes amends. Lewella Grobets, 618 F street northeast.

"Tell me not in mournful numbers That the 'bookies' here must go, For in March and in November Life with us is never slop."

Benning is real and joyful; Even Congress admits that. And on bills effecting Benning They lay low or 'stand pat."

Hal Kickpatrick, 1605 S street.

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